J. Scott
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POETICAL TRIFLES.

By ——————.

THE SECOND EDITION.

BATH:
PRINTED BY AND FOR R. CRUTTWELL;
AND SOLD BY
J. DODLSEY, PALL-MALL; ROBSON, BOND-STREET;
AND ALMON, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

M DCC LXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

POETICAL TRIFLES.

THE DUKE OF BENEVENTO.

A TALE.

I HATE a prologue to a ſtory
Worſe than the tuning of a fiddle,
Squeaking and dinning:
Hang order and connection,
I love to daſh into the middle;
Excluſive of the fame and glory,
There is a comfort on reflection
To think you've done with the beginning.

And ſo at ſupper one fine night,
Hearing a cry of Alla, Alla,
The Prince was damnably confounded,
And in a fright,
But more ſo when he ſaw himſelf ſurrounded
By fifty Turks; and at their head the fierce Abdalla.

And then he look'd a little grave
To find himſelf become a ſlave,
And thought the Corſair rather in a hurry,
Out of all rules,
To make the Duke of Benevento curry,
And take care of his mules:
But as 'twas vain to make a riot,
Without grimace,
Or a wry face,
He gave a ſhrug, and rubb'd his mules in quiet.

It would have been great ſport
To all the puppies of the court
To view theſe changes, and diſaſters;
But their enjoyments
Were damp'd by certain ſlovenly employments,
Not more amuſing than their maſter's.

But who can paint his grief,
Who can deſcribe the tranſports of his ſorrow,
When he beheld Almida's charms
Conducted to Abdalla's arms,
And ſaw no proſpect of relief;
But that the blooming maid,
By cruel deſtiny betray'd,
Muſt no more triumph in that name to-morrow.

Not underſtanding what he ſaid,
Seeing him caper like an antic,
And tear his hair, and beat his head,
The Eunuch wiſely judged him to be frantic.

But ſhe, the lovely cauſe of all his care,
Darting a look to his enraptur'd ſoul,
Might ſoften e'en the madneſs of deſpair;
Bade him his weak, unmanly rage controul,
Each favouring opportunity improve;
And bade him dare to hope, and bade him dare to love.

The Corſair in a tranſport of ſurpriſe,
When he beheld Almida's ſparkling eyes,
Her faultleſs figure, her majeſtic air,
The graceful ringlets of her auburn hair,

That twin'd in many a fold to deck,
Not hide the dazzling whiteneſs of her neck;
The various charms her flowing robe reveal'd,
While fancy whiſper'd to his throbbing heart
Each nameleſs beauty, that well-judging art,
To fix the roving mind, had carefully conceal'd.

" O Mahomet! I thank thee," he exclaim'd,
" That to thy ſervant thou haſt given
" This bright inhabitant of heaven;
" To gild the progreſs of his life below,
" For him this beauteous Houri fram'd;
" Enjoyment I have known, but never lov'd till now."

Then with a ſmile
Might ev'n a Stoic's heart beguile,
The fair one with a little flattery
To his charm'd ears addreſs'd her battery.

" Still may my Lord (ſaid ſhe) approve
" The happy object of his love,
" Then when Almida ſues,
" Let not Abdalla's heart her firſt requeſt refuſe:
" Deign to ſuſpend but for three days
" The progreſs of your amorous flame,

" And

" And to conſole my heart for theſe delays,
" Grant me two ſmall requeſts that I ſhall name.

" The firſt is to deſire,
" If you incline,
" Five hundred laſhes for two friends of mine,
" And juſt as many for a Fry'r;
" The next a litter, and two mules,
" The heavy hours of abſence to amuſe,
" Beſides a Muleteer that I ſhall chuſe,
" At my diſpoſal, ſubject to my rules."

So ſaid, the culprit knaves appear,
Upon each raſcal's pamper'd hide
The ſtripes are in due form applied,
Which done, ſhe choſe
You may ſuppoſe
Her lover, for her Muleteer.

Then with a voice ſweet as an angel's ſong,
While Tancred with attentive ear
In ſilent rapture ſtoop'd to hear,
The Beauteous Maid the ſilence broke,
Conviction follow'd as ſhe ſpoke,
And truth, and ſoft perſuaſion, dwelt on her enchanting tongue.

" With grief thoſe ſcenes unwilling I diſcloſe,
" Whence every error, each misfortune roſe;
" When pleaſures of the loweſt, meaneſt kind,
" Unnerv'd your feeble frame, and check'd the progreſs of your mind.
" In vain your people's curſes, or their tears,
" Your heart aſſail'd,
" Two flattering knaves had charm'd your ears,
" And Raymond vainly counſel'd, or as vainly rail'd;

" He was your father's friend, wiſe, honeſt, brave,
" Him you diſplac'd,
" And liſtening to the malice of a ſlave,
" The Guardian of your Crown was baniſh'd, and diſgrac'd.

" Me too you lov'd, and I approv'd the flame
" In hopes my counſels might have weight,
" To prompt you to redreſs the ſtate,
" And ſave from infamy your ſinking name.

" But ſoon your Confeſſor, the crafty Prieſt,
" Rage, hate, and malice, rankling in his breaſt,
" With timorous ſcruples fill'd your wavering mind,
" In vain each finer feeling ſtrove
" To guard your heart, and court it to be kind,
" While haggard ſuperſtition triumph'd over love.

" But

" But juſtice ſtill purſues betimes,
" E'en now, for ſhe directs the hour,
" The Prieſt, and the vile partners of his pow'r,
" Feel vengeance overtake their crimes.

" The Turks unnotic'd march, laſt night's ſurpriſe,
" The foe unthought-of thundering at the gate,
" At length have clear'd your eyes,
" Their treacherous negligence is found, is felt too late.

" No more of this unpleaſing ſtrain,
" If thinking, acting like a man ;
" Reform'd by ſlavery's painful chain,
" Virtue within your breaſt reſume her reign,
" Inſpire your thoughts, and guide your future plan,
" My heart will ſtill be your's : e'en Raymond too
" Still loves his Prince, to him repair,
" Confeſs your faults, his aid demand,
" The gallant veteran waits but your command,
" To ſpread his conquering banners to the air,
" To ſacrifice his life with you,
" Or reſcue and relieve his native land.

" Abdalla claims my promiſe in three days.
" Think then on me,

" Dan

" Danger and death attend delays,
" Be virtuous, be daring, and be free."

The Lady's ſermon was a little long,
Not but ſhe talk'd both well and wittily,
And then ſhe look'd ſo prettily,
Her eyes excus'd the freedoms of her tongue.

For when a favourite miſtreſs ſpeaks,
We always think her in the right,
E'en though ſhe talk for days, or weeks,
Or in the middle of the night.

To ſay the truth her ſpeech was rather rough,
But as ſhe promis'd him her heart,
Upon the whole he took it in good part,
And as he lov'd her, lik'd it well enough.

So thank'd her for the good advice,
And took his leave, and ere he went,
By way of compliment,
Call'd her his guardian angel, his ſweet tutor,
And kiſs'd her fair hand, once, or twice,
And ſwore to be a good boy for the future.

In ſhort it was ſo ſettled; the third night,
By good luck too 'twas dark as hell,
Tancred with Raymond and a choſen band
Surpriſe the guards, who in their fright
Make but a ſhabby ſtand,
And enter at the gates pell-mell.

Mean time Abdalla, ſnug in bed,
Finding Almida ſtaid away ſo long,
Suſpecting there was ſomething wrong,
Look'd out; and found his troops were kill'd, or gone,
Himſelf a priſoner, and alone,
And Tancred reigning in his ſtead.

And now the ſore-back'd ſcoundrels in a trice
Came kindly with their counſels, and advice,
Propoſing as a pious work
Juſt to impale
Or ſtick a hedge-ſtake through the tail
Of the poor Turk.

Indignant fury flaſh'd from Tancred's eye—
" Ye vile corruptors of my youth,
" Ye foes to honour, honeſty, and truth,
" Hence from my ſight, nor offer a reply:

" If

" If the third day
" Within the limits of this ſtate
" Diſcloſe your ſtay;
" Not e'en Almida's ſelf ſhall ſave you from your fate.

" Go, brave Abdalla, to your native ſhore,
" From ſloth, from vice, from infamy,
" Your kind inſtructions and aſſiſtance
" Have haply ſet me free;
" Thanks for your viſit, pray return no more,
" Let us be always friends, but at a diſtance.

" And now, my better angel, whoſe kind care
" The miſts of error from my ſight diſpel'd,
" Burſt the vile fetters that my reaſon held,
" Reſtor'd fair wiſdom's gentle ſway,
" Guided my ſteps to her, and pointed out the way;
" Now, while my people's eager voice,
" And Raymond too confirms my choice,
" O come, my heavenly fair!
" Aſcend, adorn, and bleſs my throne;
" Still with that cheering influence preſide,
" My life, my future conduct guide,
" Inſpire my raptur'd heart, and make it virtuous as your
" own."

SONG.

S O N G.

PRITHEE ſweet fair one, why ſo coy?
Hence with that frown of cold diſdain,
Beauty like thine was form'd for joy,
And mirth and gentleneſs ſhould fill thy train;
Let meaner Beauties ſtudy to give pain,
'Tis nobler far to build, than to deſtroy.

Tune then thy heart to gentle love,
With ſmiles my fondeſt vows receive,
Each anxious care ſhall far remove,
To love and mutual joys alone we'll live,
Joys only heavenly charms like thine can give,
Joys only conſtant hearts like mine can prove.

------- RACES.

A BALLAD.

O GEORGE, I've been, I'll tell you where,
But firſt prepare yourſelf for raptures;
To paint this charming, heavenly fair,
And paint her well, would aſk whole chapters.

Fine creatures I've view'd many a one,
With lovely ſhapes, and angel faces,
But I have ſeen them all out-done,
By this ſweet Maid, at ——— Races.

Lords, Commoners, alike ſhe rules,
Takes all who view her by ſurpriſe,
Makes e'en the wiſeſt look like fools,
Nay more, makes fox-hunters look wiſe.

Her ſhape—'tis elegance and eaſe,
Unſpoil'd by art, or modern dreſs,
But gently tapering by degrees,
And finely, " beautifully leſs."

Her foot—it was ſo wonderous ſmall,
So thin, ſo round, ſo ſlim, ſo neat,
The buckle fairly hid it all,
And ſeem'd to ſink it with the weight.

And juſt above the ſpangled ſhoe,
Where many an eye did often glance,
Sweetly retiring from the view,
And ſeen by ſtealth, and ſeen by chance;

Two ſlender ankles peeping out,
Stood like Love's heralds, to declare
That all within the petticoat
Was firm, and full, " and round, and fair."

And then ſhe dances—better far
Than heart can think, or tongue can tell,
Not Heinel, Banti, or Guimar,
E'er mov'd ſo graceful, and ſo well.

So eaſy glide her beauteous limbs,
True as the echo to the ſound,
She ſeems, as through the dance ſhe ſkims,
To tread on air, and ſcorn the ground.

And there is lightning in her eye,
One glance alone might well inſpire
The clay-cold breaſt of Apathy,
Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And Zephyr on her lovely lips
Has ſpread his choiceſt, ſweeteſt roſes,
And there his heavenly nectar ſips,
And there in breathing ſweets repoſes.

And there's ſuch muſick when ſhe ſpeaks,
You may believe me, when I tell ye,
I'd rather hear her, than the ſqueaks
Or far-fam'd ſqualls of Gabrielli.

And ſparkling wit, and ſteady ſenſe,
In that fair form with beauty vie,
But ting'd with virgin diffidence,
And the ſoft bluſh of modeſty.

Had I the treaſures of the world,
All the ſun views, or the ſeas borrow,
(Elſe may I to the devil be hurl'd)
I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

But as we Bards reap only Bays,
Nor much of that, though nought grows on it,
I'll beat my brains to ſound her praiſe,
And hammer them into a Sonnet.

And if ſhe deign one charming ſmile,
The bleſt reward of all my labours,
I'll never grudge my pains, or toil,
But pity the dull 'Squires, my neighbours.

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A COLLEGE LIBRARY.

THE Chapel Bell with hollow mournful ſound,
Awakes the Fellows, ſlumb'ring o'er their fires,
Rous'd by the cuſtom'd note, each ſtares around,
And ſullen from th' unfiniſh'd pipe retires.

Now from the Common-Hall's reſtriction free,
The ſot's full bottles in quick order move,
While gayer coxcombs ſip their amorous tea,
And Barber's daughters ſoothe with tales of love.

Through the ſtill courts a ſolemn ſilence reigns,
Save where the broken battlements among,
The Eaſt wind murmurs through the ſhatter'd panes,
And hoarſer ravens croak their evening ſong.

Where

Where groan yon ſhelves beneath their learned weight,
  Heap piled on heap, and row ſucceeding rows,
In peaceful pomp, and undiſturb'd retreat,
  The labours of our anceſtors repoſe.

No longer ſunk in ceaſeleſs, fruitleſs toil,
  The half-ſtarv'd ſtudent o'er their leaves ſhall pore,
For them no longer blaze the midnight oil,
  Their ſun is ſet, and ſinks to riſe no more.

For them no more ſhall Bookſellers contend,
  Or rubric poſts their matchleſs worth proclaim,
Beneath their weight no more the preſs ſhall bend,
  While common-ſenſe ſtands wondering at their fame.

Oft did the claſſics mourn their critic rage,
  While ſtill they found each meaning, but the true;
Oft did they heap with notes poor Ovid's page,
  And give to Virgil words he never knew;

Yet ere the partial voice of Critic ſcorn
  Condemn their memory, or their toils deride,
Say, have not we had equal cauſe to mourn
  A waſte of words, and learning ill applied?

Can none remember?—yes, I know all can—
When readings againſt different readings jarr'd,
While Bentley led the ſtern ſcholaſtic van,
And new editions with the old ones warr'd.——

Nor ye, who lightly o'er each work proceed,
Unmindful of the graver moral part,
Contemn theſe works if as you run, and read,
You find no trophies of th' engraver's art.

Can Bartolozzi's all-enrapturing pow'r
To heavy works the ſtamp of merit give?
Could Grignion's art protract Oblivion's hour,
Or bid the Epic rage of Blackmore live?

In this lone nook, with learned duſt beſtrew'd,
Where frequent cobwebs kindly form a ſhade,
Some wonderous legend, fill'd with death and blood,
Some monkiſh hiſtory, perhaps is laid.

With ſtore of barbarous Latin at command,
Though arm'd with puns, and jingling quibble's might,
Yet could not theſe ſooth Time's remorſeleſs hand,
Or ſave their labours from eternal night.

Full

Full many an Elegy has mourn'd its fate,
  Beneath ſome paſty " cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd ;"
Full many an Ode has ſoar'd in lofty ſtate,
  Fix'd to a kite, and quivering in the wind.

Here too perhaps, neglected now, may lie
  The rude memorial of ſome antient ſong,
Whoſe martial ſtrains, and rugged minſtrelſy,
  Once wak'd to rapture every liſtening throng.

To trace fair Science through each wildering courſe,
  With new ideas to enlarge the mind,
With uſeful leſſons drawn from Claſſic ſource,
  At once to poliſh, and inſtruct mankind;

Their times forbade : nor yet alone repreſt
  Their opening fancy; but alike confin'd
The ſenſeleſs ribaldry, the ſcurvy jeſt,
  And each low triumph of the vulgar mind.

With Griffiths, Langhorne, Kenrick, and the tribe*
  Whom ſcience loaths, and ſcorn diſdains to name,

* The Critical Reviewers.—The others are the London and Monthly.——Note of the Editor.

To ſnarl unpaid, or ſoften'd by a bribe,
Smear with vile praiſe, and deem their daubing fame,

——Their humbler ſcience never ſoar'd ſo far,
In ſtudious trifles pleas'd to waſte their time,
Or wage with common-ſenſe eternal war,
In never-ending clink of monkiſh rhyme.

Yet were they not averſe to noiſy fame,
Or ſhrank reluctant from her ruder blaſt,
But ſtill aſpir'd to raiſe their ſinking name,
And fondly hoped that name might ever laſt;

Hence each proud volume to the wondering eye
Rivals the gaudy glare of Tyrrel's * urn,
Where Ships, Wigs, Fame, and Neptune, blended lie,
And weeping cherubs for their bodies mourn.

For who with rhymes e'er rack'd his weary brain,
Or ſpent in ſearch of epithets his days,
But from his lengthen'd labours hop'd to gain
Some preſent profit, or ſome future praiſe.

Though

* Vide Admiral Tyrrel's monument, in Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Though folly's ſelf inſpire each dead-born ſtrain,
Still flattery prompts ſome blockhead to commend,
Perhaps e'en Kenrick hath not toil'd in vain,
Perhaps e'en Kenrick hath as dull a friend.

For thee, whoſe muſe with many an uncouth rhyme
Doſt in theſe lines neglected worth bewail,
If chance (unknowing how to kill the time)
Some kindred idler ſhould enquire thy tale;

Haply ſome antient Fellow may reply——
" Oft have I ſeen him, from the dawn of day,
" E'en till the weſtern ſun went down the ſky,
" Lounging his lazy, liſtleſs hours away;

" Each morn, he ſought the cloiſter's cool retreat,
" At noon, at Tom's he caught the daily lie,
" Or from his window looking o'er the ſtreet,
" Would gaze upon the travellers paſſing by.

" At night, encircled with a kindred band,
" In ſmoke and ale roll'd their dull lives away;
" True as the College clock's unvarying hand,
" Each morrow was the echo of to-day.

" Thus

" Thus free from cares, and children, noiſe, and wife,
" Paſt his ſmooth moments; till by fate's command,
" A lethargy aſſail'd his harmleſs life,
" And check'd his courſe, and ſhook his loitering ſand.

" Where Merton's towers in Gothic grandeur riſe,
" And ſhed around each ſoph a deeper gloom,
" Beneath the center aiſle interr'd he lies,
" With theſe few lines engrav'd upon his tomb:"—

THE

EPITAPH.

Of vice, or virtue void; here reſts a man
By prudence taught each rude exceſs to ſhun;
Nor love nor pity marr'd his ſober plan,
And Dulneſs claim'd him for her favourite ſon.

By no eccentric paſſion led aſtray,
Not raſh to blame, not eager to commend,
Calmly through life he ſteer'd his quiet way,
Nor made an enemy, nor gain'd a friend.

Seek

Seek not his faults—his merits—to explore,
But quickly drop this uninſtructive tale,
His works—his faults—his merits—are no more,
Sunk in the gloom of dark oblivion's veil.

SONG.

S O N G.

HITHER ye ſighing lovers, ye fond ſwains,
Who chaunt in piteous, ſentimental ſtrains,
Of ſlighted vows, and female perjuries;
Hence with your ſighs, your unavailing tears,
Your jealous pangs, vain doubts, and groundleſs fears;
Who hear you—ſcorn; who pity you—deſpiſe.

For howſoe'er diſguis'd by fraud, or art,
Meer mortal, giddy creatures ſtill at heart,
Women admire, careſs the bold, the brave;
But whine, and fawn, and cringe—though for an hour—
The haughty Goddeſſes exert their pow'r,
And ſpurn with inſolence the kneeling ſlave.

Then

Then when the common rant of flames and darts,
And wounds, and torments, racks, and bleeding hearts;
When theſe are calmly heard, or fail to move,
With eager ardour claſp her tempting charms,
The ſmiling fair will melt into your arms,
Crown all your toils, and grant you love for love.

THE

THE COCK AND THE HORSES.

A FABLE.

'TWAS long, ay very long ago,
But when, or where,
I don't exactly know,
And if I did, perhaps you would not care;
A Cock, a lazy, liftleſs ſpark,
Chancing to ſaunter up and down,
Much like a ſoldier in a country town,
Or juſt as you
Or I might do
In Bond-ſtreet, or the Park.
Whether the Devil,
The author of all evil,
As I judge,
Owed him a grudge,
Or that benighted,

Or

Or otherwiſe miſled
By his own fooliſh head,
Howe'er it was, he lighted
All in a barn, 'mongſt hunters, hacks,
And many a coach-horſe, taller, larger
Than a militia Major's charger;
Greys, cheſnuts, ſorrels, whites, bays, blacks,
Not tied, or faſten'd up to racks,
But ſideling, capering about,
Like chattering dowagers at a rout;
And round and round the creatures danc'd,
Snorted, and flung, and plung'd, and pranc'd,
Making the damndeſt noiſe and pother,
Kicking and biting one another:
Mean time our Cock by theſe huge Beaſts ſurrounded,
And like ſome luckleſs dog of a Reviewer
Surpris'd by angry bards, and ſure
Of being kick'd to death, or miſerably pounded,
Though not a little in a fright,
Yet thought it beſt,
Perhaps too he was in the right,
To ſtrut, and crow,
And give them a Bon-Mot,
And tickle up their fancies with a jeſt,
Before he bade the world good night.

My

My friends, ſaid he, whoſe graceful education
Hath kept you from prophaner home-bred courſes,
And who have ſtill maintain'd the reputation
Of gentlemanly, well-bred horſes,
Though I ſhould be extremely proud
In ſuch good company to paſs my life,
Yet as I hate a croud,
Worſe than a ſmoaky chimney, or a ſcolding wife;
Permit me to propoſe,
That like the incidents in modern plays,
We each purſue our different ways,
Nor rudely tread on one anothers' toes.

THE HEATHEN SYSTEM.

A VERY MORAL TALE.

IF, as our weary ſteps we bend,
Through life's dull journey, to our end,
Pleaſure ſtill hovering in our view,
The phantom flies as we purſue;
Let us, amid this ſtate of grief,
Of hopes, of fears, of cares below,
In fancied bleſſings ſeek relief,
From the ſharp pangs of real woe.

Time quickly flies, why ſhould we waſte
A ſerious thought on moments paſt,
Or cloud with unavailing ſorrow
The flattering proſpects of to-morrow?
Enough for us, if fancy's ray
Brighten the viſions of to-day,

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with our follies, we'll deſpiſe
The ſober miſeries of the wife.

Oh! how I love the heathen ſyſtem,
It beats all others beyond odds;
Sure every Miſs had run, and kiſs'd 'em,
Could they have ſeen thoſe charming gods;
For ſtill they found each other joy
Would quickly tire, would quickly cloy;
Woman alone was ever new,
Tho' true, 'twas ſtrange,—tho' ſtrange, 'twas true:
Examples I could give you plenty,
But one may ſerve as well as twenty.

Jove, as the antient Poets tell us,
Oft by his freaks made Juno jealous,
Nay, ſcandalous reports have ſaid,
That whether widow, wife, or maid,
Or black, or fair, or young, or old,
Or eaſy temper'd, or a ſcold,
Or fat, or lean, or ſhort, or tall,
He found a ſomething in them all.

Yet,

Yet ſtill, to gain Amphitryon's bride,
In vain his every art he plied,
At length her huſband's form he tried:
Her Huſband's!—ſtart not, gentle dame,
'Twas then no very odious name;
Huſbands, few ages then had paſt,
Were ſometimes fond, wives ſometimes chaſte.
But whether, by his ſhape deceiv'd,
The incautious fair his tale believ'd,
Or whether ſhe in private knew
The falſe Amphitryon from the true,
And, as I rather apprehend,
Wink'd at the change, and took his friend;
Suffice it, all in order went,—
The lover pleas'd, the wife content.

I own, indeed, 'twas ſomewhat odd
She found no difference in the God;
For Jove, to get the buſineſs done,
Combin'd three winter's nights in one;
Three nights in mutual joys they paſt,
Each night more bliſsful than the laſt,
And curs'd the hours that flew too faſt.
Three nights, you ſay? Why faith that's true,
'Twas more than mortal man could do,

But for a God, you know—Agreed.
Well, to my ſtory I proceed.

Miſs Danaë, by guards ſecur'd,
Was in a brazen tower immur'd;
But, as an author of great fame
(I can't juſt recollect his name)
Has ſomewhere ſaid, who ſeeks to bind
By force, or fraud, a woman's mind,
With locks, and bolts, and bars, and chains,
But gets his labour for his pains.

So Jove, who each expedient knew,
Soon forc'd his eaſy paſſage through;
In heavy Shower of potent Gold
His ſoft, prevailing tale he told,
And, by his aid, the yielding fair
Soon bleſs'd her father with an heir.

Next, for no pleaſures could he ſee,
Except in ſweet variety,
Beneath a Swan's ſoft plumes conceal'd,
His glowing paſſion he reveal'd;
Flutt'ring he ſought fair Leda's breaſt,
The Fair the beauteous bird careſs'd!

Trembling,

Trembling, with well-diſſembled fear,
He ſeem'd to ſeek for ſhelter there;
Then twin'd him round her ſnowy charms,
And found his heaven in her arms.

Next, in a milk-white Bull's diſguiſe,
At fair Europa's feet he lies;
Borne on his back ſhe quits the ſhore,
And trembling hears the hoarſe waves roar;
To be at ſea, a-pick-a-pack,
Riding upon a white bull's back,
Was droll enough; but 'twas more odd
To ſee the Bull chang'd to a God!

Her tongue in vain prepar'd to chide,
Her ſmiling eyes her tongue bely'd;
Pity began her heart to move,
His fault was only—too much love.
What could ſhe do?—no ſuccour nigh,
No friend to help, no foe to pry;
Jove gain'd his pardon, and, 'tis ſaid,
Found all his trouble overpaid.

Now, as a parſon in the pulpit,
Who long has teaz'd you with his dull fit,

Yet wiſely knowing dinner nigh,
Contracts his ſermon, to apply,
In pity to your heads, I'll try,
Like epilogues to modern ſcenes,
To tell you what my ſtory means.

'Tis this——In ſpite of cynic rules,
And all the moral cant of ſchools,
If, in the web of life intwin'd,
Some mingled threads of love we find,
O let unſkilful hands forbear,
Leſt with rude touch the work they tear,
And wound ſome kindred virtue there.

Not with the cumbrous farce of ſtate,
The ſplendid dulneſs of the great,
Not in the ſtern, unſocial hour
Of gloomy pomp, or friendleſs pow'r,
Nor with wiſdom's empty name,
Nor in heaps of hoarded treaſure,
Nor 'mid the " dangerous paths of fame,"
Dwells the fleeting nymph—coy Pleaſure.
Love, love alone true joys can give,
" 'Tis only when we love, we live."

L'AMOUR

L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

TO —— —— ——.

IF in that breaſt, ſo good, ſo pure,
Compaſſion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the ſorrows I endure,
The cauſe—I muſt not—dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys—
That rends my heart—that checks my tongue—
I fear will laſt me all my days,
But feel it will not laſt me long.

ABSENCE.

AN ELEGY.

THE gairiſh ſun-beams ſlowly fade away,
The dew-drop hangs upon the moiſten'd roſe,
Soft twilight thinly ſpreads her mantle grey,
And brings to patient poverty repoſe.

But not on me the night's ſtill ſhades beſtow
Peace or repoſe; while baniſh'd from thy ſight,
I brood in ſilence o'er my ſecret woe,
And count the day's ſlow hours, and live-long night.

But thou, for whoſe dear ſake unheard I grieve,
Say, does my Delia deign one thought on me?
That gentle ſoftneſs ſure could ne'er deceive
The faithful heart that throbs alone for thee.——

No,

No, my ſoul's treaſure, thou art good as fair!
Forget, forgive thy lover's frantic fear;
Who doats, adores thee,—yet, with jealous care,
Starts! and beholds ſome happier rival near.

O, dearer far than fortune, fame, or friends,
Dearer than life, than health, than liberty;
Reflect, that on thy will alone depends
All of my future bliſs, or miſery.

Believe theſe heart-felt ſighs, theſe ſpeaking tears,
Pity the pangs of madd'ning jealouſy;
And think, ah think, who never felt theſe fears,
Has never lov'd—or never lov'd like me.

But oh! my Delia, will thy tender care
Diſpel each doubt that clouds my anxious mind?
Say, will my Delia's lips again declare,
That ſhe is ever conſtant, ever kind?

Yes, yes, they will:—e'en now, with kind concern,
She chides the ſlow-pac'd loitering hours away,
And gently blames her lover's ſlow return,
And looks, and waits, and wonders at his ſtay.

Each air-form'd ſpectre anxious abſence drew,
When fondly muſing on thy heavenly charms;
Malicious fancy to my tortur'd view
Gave thoſe ſweet beauties to another's arms.——

——One ſmile from thee ſhall give them to the wind;—
My raptur'd heart, from ſtorms of paſſion free,
Again adore thee, lovely, good, and kind,
Nor own another wiſh, when bleſt with thee.

SONG.

S O N G.

CEASE to blame my melancholy,
Though with ſighs and folded arms,
I muſe in ſilence on her charms;
Cenſure not——I know 'tis folly.

Yet, theſe mournful thoughts poſſeſſing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would ſcorn the bleſſing.

THE

DEBTOR.

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
O haſte, and free me from this dungeon's gloom;
Let not the hand of comfortleſs deſpair
Sink my grey hairs with ſorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd compaſſion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake charity's dull ear,
Wring the ſlow aid from pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliſs, to ſcenes of affluence born;
The hand of pleaſure ſtrewed my path with flow'rs,
And every bleſſing hail'd my youthful morn.

But

But ah, how quick the change! the morning gleam,
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
Fled like the gairiſh pageant of a dream,
And ſorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliſs below;
Fond hope a-while the trembling flow'ret rears;
'Till unforeſeen deſcends the blight of woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to ſpecious wiles a prey,
I truſted :—(who from faults is always free?)
And the ſhort progreſs of one fatal day
Was all the ſpace 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I ſeek for comfort, or for aid?
To whom the ruins of my ſtate commend?
Left to myſelf, abandon'd, and betray'd,
Too late I found the wretched have no friend!

E'en he amid the reſt, the favour'd youth,
Whoſe vows had met the tendereſt warm return,
Forgot his oaths of conſtancy and truth,
And left my child in ſolitude to mourn.

Pity in vain ſtretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the ſacred wreaths by Hymen wove;
While pale-eyed avarice, from his ſordid ſtand,
Scowled o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet ſwayed by decent pride,
She huſh'd her ſorrows with becoming art,
And faintly ſtrove, with ſickly ſmiles, to hide
The canker worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor wiſh'd to hate
Whom once ſhe lov'd—but pitied, and forgave:
Then unrepining yielded to her fate,
And ſunk in ſilent anguiſh to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r,
O haſte, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortleſs deſpair
Sink my grey hairs with ſorrow to the tomb!

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

YE choſen few of ſoft-ey'd pity's train,
Whoſe ſympathetic tears unbidden flow,
Whoſe hearts re-echo to each plaintive ſtrain,
And droop beneath the weight of others' woe,

Approach with reverence this ſacred place:
Check not the ſigh, nor ſtop the trickling tear;
The trickling tear will not your cheeks diſgrace,
For ſweet Louiſa's angel-form lies here.

HASTINGS.

HASTINGS.

SLOW roll'd the tedious hours of night away,
While anxious honour watch'd the coming day;
That awful day, from whoſe uncertain Fight
Again ſhould dawn fair freedom's heav'n-born light;
Or ſlav'ry once more fix her galling chain,
And blaſt each hope beneath a Norman reign:
Doubtful, yet not deſpairing of th' event,
(His faithful warriors ſummon'd at his tent)
The gallant Harold, with the artleſs ſtrain
Of untaught eloquence, addreſs'd his martial train.

" Friends! warriors! countrymen!—or if that name
" Be dearer than the reſt to virtuous fame,
" Guardians of Albion!——From the iron hand
" Of Norman William, and his ruthleſs band,
" Freedom ſtill ling'ring on her once-lov'd ſhore,
" Ere yet her fleeting empire be no more,

" Calls

" Calls for your aid: O rouſe your gallant train,
" Nor let the voice of freedom plead in vain.

" The Norman proudly chides the loitering night,
" Counts the ſlow hours, and with to-morrow's light
" Hurls on your camp defiance; of the choice
" Of England's nobles, or her people's voice,
" Lightly he deems; but, with preſumptuous aim,
" On Edward's promiſe founds his ſhadowy claim.
" Vain argument! Shall then, unſeen, unheard,
" Our rights, our darling honours, be transferr'd,
" A ſick man's legacy?—If yet the fire
" Of antient virtue one firm breaſt inſpire;
" If yet the memory of their deeds remain,
" Nor ſages toil'd, nor heroes bled in vain;
" Daſh his proud hopes, and bid the tyrant know,
" Who ſcorn'd the friend, may yet repent the foe.

" Rais'd by your chearful ſuffrage to the throne,
" To guard your rights, to vindicate my own,
" Your aid I claim; prepar'd with you to ſhare
" Each arduous taſk, each perilous chance of war:
" No higher prize, no brighter wreath I claim;
" Our danger equal—equal be our fame.

" But

" But if, averſe our daring hopes to bleſs,
" Fortune on William's arms ſhall ſtamp ſucceſs,
" Ne'er from this field ſhall vanquiſh'd Harold fly,
" My fate is fix'd, or death, or victory.

" Let cowards, ſunk in indolent repoſe,
" Slumber through life, and wither as they roſe;
" To us a nobler ſtation is aſſign'd,
" That as by birth the foremoſt of mankind,
" The foremoſt ſtill where danger leads the way,
" By brighter deeds we juſtify our ſway;
" Still bid around our brows freſh laurels bloom,
" Nor date our honours from a father's tomb.
" Hence then with each unmanly thought of fear,
" To heaven itſelf is ſacred Virtue dear,
" Superior to the cry of erring fame,
" In victory, or ruin, ſtill the ſame;
" By fortune favour'd, or by fate depreſt,
" Where Virtue is, that Virtue muſt be bleſt.

" Through toils, through dangers, undiſmay'd proceed,
" And bravely conquer, or as bravely bleed;
" Whatever good, whatever ill betide,
" This be our comfort, this our noble pride,

" N.)

" No ſordid purpoſes our ſwords ſhall ſtain,
" No meaner views our ſacred cauſe prophane;
" And while, diſdainful of a foreign Lord,
" In freedom's cauſe we draw th' avenging ſword,
" In life, in death, alike with glory crown'd,
" We fall lamented, or we live renown'd.

" What need of more? See where the morning light
" Chaſes the envious clouds of tardy night;
" His rays are welcome: Here our conference ends;
" Each to his ſeveral charge; farewell, my friends!
" The foe approaches: Whatſoe'er th' award,
" Or death, or victory, we come prepar'd
" With hearts reſolv'd; let each man do his beſt,
" To heaven, and heaven's high will ſubmit the reſt."

He ceas'd. " To arms," (each maddening hero cry'd)
" To arms, to arms, each echoing voice reply'd,
" The foe approaches: Whatſoe'er th' award,
" Or death, or victory, we come prepar'd
" With hearts reſolv'd; let each man do his beſt,
" To heaven, and heaven's high will ſubmit the reſt."

Spirits of Harold, and his godlike band,
Who 'gainſt ſtern William made your gallant ſtand,
Who ne'er to tyranny bow'd the free head,
But fought for freedom, and for freedom bled;
If from your heaven of heavens, where thron'd on high,
Your ſhades enjoy their long-lov'd liberty,
If not unmindful of your antient fame,
Theſe earthly ſcenes your patriot aid may claim,
Watch o'er this realm; in every breaſt inſpire
The generous ſparks of your celeſtial fire,
By your examples animate the brave,
And guard that land your valour fail'd to ſave.

THE

THE

CHELSEA PENSIONER.

BENEATH that mouldering turret's gloomy ſhade,
Where yonder pines their wide-ſpread branches wave,
A gallant Veteran reſts his weary head,
And with him ſleep his ſorrows in the grave.

No breathing art adorns the ſacred ground,
Points the tall ſpire, or bids the trophy riſe,
A ſcanty turf with twiſted oſier bound
Scarce marks the ſpot, where buried honour lies.

Ah, what avails him? that in youth's gay prime
Each unremitting toil of war he bore,
Each ſickly change of every varying clime,
From Europe's ſtrand to Aſia's ſultry ſhore;

How ſhort the glory of the poor man's deeds!
  How ſlight the fame he fondly thinks his own!
In vain he triumphs, or in vain he bleeds,
  Alike unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

Yet though no plumed ſteeds, no ſable car,
  Call forth the hireling's mercenary tear,
No blazon'd banners ſtreaming from afar
  Flaunt their vain honours o'er thine humble bier;

Yet on the margin of the path-worn green,
  Near the lov'd ſpot where thy cold relics reſt,
Fair virtue's angel-form ſhall oft be ſeen
  To bid the turf lie lightly on thy breaſt.

The thoughtleſs many, the misjudging croud,
  Whoſe glance ſcarce beams beyond the preſent hour,
May idolize the follies of the proud,
  Or bend ſubmiſſive at the ſhrine of pow'r;

But with the choſen band, the manly few
  Whoſe ſober approbation far outweighs,
In reaſon's ſcale, the clamorous fickle crew,
  And the vain tumult of their fleeting praiſe——

——(Scorning

——(Scorning the pageantry of pomp, and place)
Their hearts ſhall pay the tributary ſigh
To that poor virtue, from whoſe humble baſe
Towr'd the proud columns that inſult the ſky.

Though ſhe, whoſe beauty's all-enchanting pow'r
Could every ſterner care of life beguile,
Whoſe charms could ſooth reflection's ſickening hour,
Or bid the cheerleſs brow of ſorrow ſmile,

Far from theſe dreary ſcenes for ever torn,
No more ſhall animate each rapturous ſtrain,
Now ſweetly ſmiling, now with looks of ſcorn,
Hiding her heart, that ſunk at giving pain:——

Yet when emerging from the giddy throng,
When every eye but mine is ſeal'd in reſt,
Penſive I walk theſe time-mark'd walls among,
And kiſs the hallow'd ground her footſteps preſs'd;

Here while the ſcenes of former bliſs ariſe,
(Sad ſource from whence theſe tears of anguiſh flow)
Far from the ſneering fool, or cenſuring wiſe,
I nurſe in ſolitude the ſeeds of woe——

——Deaf to the voice of pleaſure, or of fame,
Yet not from pity's milder influence free,
E'en then, not unregardful of thy name,
This aching breaſt ſhall heave one ſigh for thee.

PALINODE

PALINODE

TO THE

REVIEWERS.

I WHO of late, in many a ſlanderous ditty,
Burleſqued your proſe, and parodied your verſes,
With tears and trembling ſupplicate your pity;
Accept my penitence, forgive my curſes.

Good, piteous Gentlemen, repreſs your rigour,
Untwiſt your bowels of commiſeration,
Think on my tender years, and 'till I'm bigger,
Suſpend the terrors of your dire damnation.

Long time with harmleſs Elegy content,
Pleas'd in that pretty path, I pac'd no further,*

 Happy

* Dorice for farther.

Happy to catch ſome ſtraggling ſentiment,
And ſing in ſimple ſtile of love, and murther.

'Till lur'd by wicked wits, indeed 'tis truth,
In luckleſs hour liſted beneath their banners,
To ſatire's thorny ways they led my youth,—
Evil communication ſpoils good manners.

Dear Doctor Langhorne, you were ever good,
Mild as young Nithiſdale, or Lady Ellen,*
Can you excuſe my frantic, furious mood,
'Gainſt wiſdom, and your ſage decrees rebelling?

O ſoften then your angry colleagues' fury,†
My works, I fear, will quickly fall before 'em,
Alas! they'll hang me without judge or jury,
Or tomahawk, and ſcalp me in terrorem!

And you, great Kenrick, Britain's laſt ſad hope,
Proſeman, or Poet, Chymiſt, Critic, Play'r,
Whether in eaſy verſe you rival Pope,
Or grace with dignity the critic chair,

Or

* Vide Owen of Carron, a Poem by the Doctor.

† Mr. Griffiths, &c. &c. &c.

Or float in ſpeculation's ſceptic round,
With Prieſtly's patent air; or in a trice
Sink to the chaos of the dread profound,
With lies and treaſon, politicks and Price;

Dropping with printer's tears, and author's gore,
See where he comes! (I know his ſtars, his daſhes)
O ſpare my works, they ſhall offend no more,—
Behold, I mourn in ſack-cloth, and in aſhes.

" Laſt, though not leaſt in love," ye learned ſages
Hight critical, who vent your ſecret labours
From nooks and lanes; if in my deſperate pages
I've treated you no better than your neighbours,

" Liſt, liſt, O liſt!" and hear, while I proclaim
All that in jeſt, or ſober ſerious ſadneſs,
I e'er devis'd as touching your fair fame,
Was riotous rage, and frantic furious madneſs.*

This

* What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake; I here proclaim was madneſs.
HAMLET.

This being granted; to all chriſtian people
The fact is clear, and can appear no other,
But that I ſhot my arrow o'er the ſteeple,
And in its fatal flight have hurt my brother:*

Then ſeal my pardon, and from every danger
May the kind Muſes and Apollo guard ye,
Though to your perſons, to your worth no ſtranger,
Thus prays a bard unequal to reward ye.

But O beware of libels: think, O think
What ills await. The pillory's foul diſgrace,
The rabble's beaſtly ſhoutings, and the ſtink
Of rotten eggs ſlow ſtreaming down each learned face.

So when the ſplendor of your dawn is o'er,
When they who took your judgments upon truſt
Begin to think, (who never thought before)
Your pockets ſunk, your credit in the duſt.

May

* Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot mine arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

HAMLET.

May heaven in pity mitigate the blow,
That gives ſuch merit to th' untimely bier,
And may your works be all forgiven below,
As truly as the world forgets them here.

VERSES

VERSES FOR THE VASE AT BATH-EASTON.

SUBJECT,

ADDRESS to the COMIC MUSE.

SWEET Parent of Laughter, Wit, Humour, and Fun,
Sworn foe to Acroſtic, Charade, and bad Pun,
Come ſportive THALIA, and help to deſcribe
The wonders of Bath, and its comical tribe:
For ſhould Heaven propitious beſtow on me lungs
Of ſteel, or of braſs, and a thouſand good tongues,
With a voice louder, ſtronger, than that of old Stentor,
To paint them without Thee I never ſhould venture.

Firſt, note our wiſe Magiſtrates, equally ſkill'd,
Pen, trowel, or lancet, and ſyringe, to wield,
Frame laws and directions, bleed, bliſter, and build,
Put our minds and our bodies alike to the torture,
And turn to a ſceptre the peſtle and mortar.*

Next

* The Corporation of Bath is almoſt entirely compoſed of Apothecaries.

Next mark this ſweet City, ſo faſhion'd to pleaſe,
Where in ſummer we ſcorch, and in winter we freeze;
Where the old and the new town, like huſband and wife,
Though coupled together, are ever at ſtrife;
Where dark lanes and paſſages happily meet,
More intricate far than the lab'rynth of Crete,
And choak up the entrance of every good ſtreet;
With a Circus and Creſcent, ſo wiſely combin'd
To catch ev'ry tempeſt of ſnow, hail, or wind,
That kindly indulgent oft give to our view
Forms far more enchanting than Guido e'er drew.

Nor yet for its glories indebted alone
To the happy arrangement of mortar and ſtone;
The Company ſure, without flatt'ry may claim
Some little applauſe, in extending her fame;
For ne'er were beheld yet ſuch oddly mix'd crews,
Lords, Pick-pockets, Sharpers, Dukes, Tailors, and Jews,
Collection more ſtrange than e'er met in the Ark,
When monſter met monſter, and claſh'd in the dark.
But ſay, ſhall the Muſe, with her dagger of lath,
Strike only the follies, the whimſies of Bath?

When now the terrors of the field are o'er,
And military trophies are no more;

When

When now the 'Squire, ſafe in paternal grounds,
Alternate ſleeps, or bellows with his hounds;
Though at the daring ſubject half afraid
The Muſe recoil: yet ſhall her debt be paid,
Nor ſuffer modeſt worth to wither in the ſhade.

Say, ye who view'd the terrible campaign
Of Warley, or Cox-heath, where none were ſlain,
And they who fell, but fell to riſe again,
Can none remember? Yes, I know all muſt,
How fierce he combated whole clouds of duſt,
How brave he ſtrode along the level plain,
Scorch'd by the ſun, and moiſten'd by the rain,
Arm'd for his country's good, his daring ſoul
No fears could daunt, no dangers could controul,
Calm and ſerene amid the varying noiſe
Of cannon, trumpets, drums, old women, boys,
With breaſt unmov'd he dar'd the war's alarms,
Led his bold bands to deſp'rate deeds in arms,
And pleas'd the General's orders to perform,
Smil'd at the tumult, and enjoy'd the ſtorm.

Now why ſhould I tell how the King was delighted,
How the Col'nels kiſs'd hands, how the Captains were knighted?

How

How his Majeſty graciouſly made the mob ſtare,
And rode through the ranks with his royal wig bare,
Like the modern old ſtatue in Berkley's fam'd ſquare.

Enough for me if luckier than my neighbours,
One ſprig of myrtle crown my three-hours' labours.
She too perhaps, though every ſofter grace,
Each winning charm of figure, or of face,
Deck her fair form; and teach that form to pleaſe,
With modeſt dignity, and ſprightly eaſe;
Yet haply will JEMIMA* not refuſe
The faithful homage of the motley Muſe,
But ſmile propitious on the ſportive line
Her eyes inſpir'd; and grant the Bard to twine
His humble wreath around ſweet Beauty's ſhrine.

* Lady Jemima Aſhb—rnh—m.

THE END.

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